5/29/67

Dear Jim,

Enclosed is a set of galley proofs of a new book on the FBI. I haven't had a chance to read it and will not for a while. When you have read them, please return them. I understand that aside from general comment about the FBI, toward the end there is specific stuff about Cuban organizations that might be of interest.

You were very good on Issues and Answers. If you are questioned about having said the autopsy was never published, may I suggest you answer by reference to a complete autopsy, because the so-called autopsy report was published in the Report.

The Stroud tape in some mysterious way got erased on the way to Boston. The copy I was given which this is, was a good one. I played it before I sent it. If your people would still like that checked out, it will take another copy of that tape.

Isn't it strange that, when I discussed this over the phone with the reporter who is going to do it for me and I tell him I'm mailing him the tape, it arrives in an unopened (apparently) package and electrically erased?

No news on publication of CIA WHITEWASH. I've almost finished the rough draft of the fourth one. I expect to have the writing done this week, with luck. I'll probably do it as a private printing and, when I make a success of it, sell reprint rights.

This is a second spin-off from WHITEWASH III. I'll next try and finish that up real fast. Unless I have a solid publishing connection by then, I'll do this as a private printing, too. For the first time in four years I have my nose above water by a few hairs, having paid off my debts, and now I have to go in hock again to publish my own writings. But if that is what it takes, that I will do. This cannot wait for the intellectual finks to give their avarice time to overcome their self-imposed fears.

Bringuier has amended his suit to include Dell. I'm still waiting to get recommendations on a local lawyer and to hear from the lawyers for Dell and Sage. This trick is so stupid I'm satisfied Bringuier had no official counsel. His layers is either the prize jerk of New Orleans, ected in too-great haste or both.

Best

Harold Weisberg